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No. 4.



SEE! these are Italian youth — natives of the far-famed city of Rome. They have a darker skin than our Yankee children; yet they are not unpleasing in their appearance. Their eyes are black as jet — full and sparkling. Their

hair is black; their forms short and light. They are quick-minded, fond of music and dancing, and love to while away the hours in conversation.

Thus, in many respects, the boys and girls of Italy are like our own children;

but their characters are rendered peculiar by their climate, and the habits of the people around them. In the part of Italy where the subjects of our picture live, the climate is mild, and the people spend much time out of doors. They are lightly clad, and their meals consist chiefly of grapes, olives, oranges, and other fruits and vegetables. Their wants are few: a little toil supplies the necessities of life. They are, therefore, given to indolence; and even study is too great an exertion for most of them. A large part never learn to read or write; yet they seem contented; and though they have not much elevation of mind, and appear not to fulfil the sterner and higher duties and destinies of human existence, their lives glide away in seeming tranquillity and happiness.

Story of Baptiste Lulli.

[Continued from p. 93.]

CHAPTER IV.

ONE night in the month of October, 1647, a coach-and-six, attended by footmen in the livery of Orleans, carrying torches, crossed the square of the Palais Royal at Paris. They were driving to the entrance, when a cry of terror from within the carriage made the coachman pull up.

“Take care, O, take care! you are going to run over some one!” cried a very young woman, putting her head out of the window, and pointing to a dark object extended upon the pavement. “Pray, go see what that is.” One of the footmen got down, and, by the light of his torch, discovered a child asleep, and

giving him a kick, he cried, “Be off; go sleep somewhere else, you little scoundrel.”

“No one has pity,” said the child, in a plaintive voice; then, rising quickly, he lay down again at a little distance, apparently shivering with cold.

This passive submission to an order so brutally given, and, above all, the silver tones of the voice, so expressive of suffering, deeply moved the young lady, whom the livery, as well as the crests on the carriage, pointed out as the duchess of Montpensier, Anna-Maria-Louisa, of Orleans, known by the name of “Mademoiselle.” “Bring the child here,” said Mademoiselle; and the boy, hearing these words, and remarking, by the light of the torches, the youthful and benign countenance of the princess, hastened towards her.

“Who are you? and what do you here, at this late hour?” asked Mademoiselle, gazing with pity on the delicate and noble features so little in keeping with the rags which barely covered the body of the unhappy little creature.

“I was asleep, signora,” answered he.

“In the street; poor little one! You have, then, no home?” replied the duchess.

“Alas! no, signora!”

“You are not French? Where do you come from?”

“From Florence, in Italy, signora.”

“How did you come here? Where are your parents?”

“My parents are dead, signora, and I came here in the duke of Guise’s suite.”

“And does the duke of Guise allow his attendants to sleep in the street?”

“It is not the duke of Guise’s fault;

it was the cook, who turned me out, because I took all his stew-pans."

"And why did you take all his stew-pans?" said Mademoiselle, who could not forbear laughing at the simplicity of this answer.

"I wanted them for music, signora."

"Music from stew-pans?"

"I could not help it; they did very well, as I had no other instrument."

"But music from stew-pans! impossible!" repeated the duchess.

"O, not at all impossible, signora. You have only to arrange them in order taking care to choose them of different depths and sizes; this forms the tones and notes; and then you are to tap the backs of them with a little stick."

"That must make a very fine clatter, indeed," said the princess, with a burst of laughter.

"That was what the cook said," replied the child, with an abashed look; "but the booby had no ears, no soul for music; and after my finest pieces and most harmonious airs, he always declared that he never heard any thing but the clinking of stew-pans. But that is not all: one fine day — it was yesterday morning — he actually told me I bulged them. I was so indignant at the aspersion, that I called him Midas. 'And who is Midas?' said he to me. 'A king, who did not like music, and who was given the ears of an ass,' answered I; and after this I found I had nothing for it but to run away. He wanted to cut off my hands with his big knife."

"I can very well understand all that," said Mademoiselle; "but I do not understand why the duke of Guise brought you from Italy."

"O, that is too long a story to tell now, for I am very cold and sleepy."

"And hungry too, perhaps!" added Mademoiselle, remarking the weakness of the little Florentine, and the tones of his voice, which were sensibly lower and fainter.

"I have eaten nothing to-day," said he, in the quiet tone of one to whom suffering had become habitual.

"My poor, poor child," said the princess; then turning to her footman, she said, "Take this child to the palace, give him his supper and a bed, and to-morrow let him be dressed and brought to me at the breakfast hour. Go, my little one, follow this man," continued Mademoiselle, smiling sweetly on the little Florentine.

The next day, however, a treaty of marriage between Philip IV., king of Spain, now a widower, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, having been brought on the carpet by the prime minister, Mazarin, the little protégé of the preceding evening was totally forgotten. Leaving him, therefore, down stairs among the errand-boys, and other subordinate members of the household, we enter the splendid drawing-room of the duchess, where, one evening, numerous lords and ladies were assembled.

"At what hour, Monsieur de Bautru, did you say little Michael was to arrive?" asked Mademoiselle.

"When I saw him this morning, madame, he promised to be here at six o'clock," answered Bautru.

"It is now seven," replied she, quickly.

"Pray, who is this little Michael?" asked the duke of Guise, approaching; "since my return from Italy, I have heard of nothing else."

"Have you heard him sing, my lord?" asked one of the company.

"No, indeed," said the duke, "but I imagine —"

"You cannot imagine any thing about it, duke," interrupted Mademoiselle; "those who have not heard Michael Lambert, have heard nothing. As for me, I shall be inconsolable, if he does not come this evening."

"He will scarcely fail to avail himself of the honor your highness has done him," said the duke of Guise.

"I see you do not know him, my lord," said Mademoiselle. "If, on his way hither, he saw a tavern, and any one at the door invited him to go in, he would forget not only me and my invitation, but even the king, and his eminence the cardinal, and every thing else."

"This little Michael is a profligate, then?" observed the duke.

"No, I believe not; only an original — a very heedless man."

"But who is he, and to what family does he belong?"

"Here he is, here he is!" cried a young lord, who, to make himself agreeable to Mademoiselle, had not left the window until he espied the singer.

"Make haste; and, while he pays his porters, and arranges his dress, tell us who he is, Monsieur de Bautru; for, except that he sings delightfully, I know nothing about him."

All the company gathered around Monsieur de Bautru, who thus began: "The story told of him, madame," said he, addressing himself particularly to the princess, "is this: Michael Lambert was born at Vironne, in Poictiers, in 1610, I believe. His mother, a poor woman,

one of the people, had such a passion for music that she scarcely ever stirred from a church where some nuns used to sing to the organ. This circumstance had probably an influence on the temperament of the child; for, before he was ten years of age, he actually began to sing in the choir, and his voice and style of singing were so wonderful, that it became quite famous in the country, and people flocked from a great distance to hear."

At this moment a slight noise in the antechamber appearing to announce the approach of him who was the subject of conversation, Monsieur de Bautru was silent; but no one appearing, and being requested by Mademoiselle to resume his recital, he went on: "Thouliniez, leader of the choir at the royal chapel, hearing him sing, by accident, was so charmed that he proposed to him to become one of the choir. The child accepted the offer, and made his *début* in Paris. Your highness may have heard of Niert, formerly a servant of Monsieur de Cregniers, the ambassador, who followed his lord to Rome, and took up in Italy a new style of singing, which soon became the fashion in the court of Louis XIII.; this Niert offered to give lessons to little Michael, who has profited by them, as your highness will have the pleasure of judging immediately."

Monsieur de Bautru was again interrupted by an unusual bustle in the palace, which seemed to herald some very important personage.

"Michael Lambert could not have arrived when you spoke. You must have been mistaken, Monsieur de Benserade," said Mademoiselle, addressing the young nobleman, who, with a bow, re-

plied, "I can assure your highness that it certainly was he."

"What can he, then, be doing amongst the servants?" said she.

"From what I know of his character," said Monsieur de Bautru, "he is just the man to be drinking with them, and singing for them. He pretends that the people only can applaud properly, without being afraid of deranging their dress or losing caste."

At this moment certain extraordinary sounds burst from the apartments inhabited by the domestics.

"What a dreadful noise below! Do but listen, my lords!" said Mademoiselle. "It appears to me to be chimes," said the duke of Guise, now roused to listen attentively. "It is a regular crash," said another. An angry voice was now distinctly heard crying, "My stew-pans, you rascal, my stew-pans!"

"By my word, this is odd, indeed," said the duke of Guise, advancing towards the door which opened upon the grand staircase. "I brought with me from Florence a child whom my cook was obliged to turn away, because he could never find a stew-pan in its place. He made a deafening orchestra of my kitchen range."

"And that very child I found one night in the street, and brought home with me; but I had forgotten him," said Mademoiselle, also rising and advancing towards the grand staircase.

The company having followed Mademoiselle, a curious spectacle presented itself.

In the midst of a number of stew-pans, ranged in regular order in the vestibule, was a boy dressed as a scullion, with a

stick in his hand, capering about like one mad. He went from one stew-pan to the other, striking now one, now another, singing all the time to this rather original music.

At a little distance, in the middle of a group of servants, stood the cook, with a furious look and clinched fists, crying out, "My stew-pans, villain, my stew-pans!" and vainly struggling to disengage himself from the grasp of a very ugly little man, who was holding him back from Baptiste, saying, in an under-tone, "Silence, wretch, silence! — let them get supper as they can, but do not disturb the boy. How true! what good time! — these stew-pans speak — they have a voice, they have a soul!"

"Let me go, sir; are you mad?" said the cook, in a passion. "Instead of a voice and a soul, it would be much fitter for them to be preparing removes, ragouts, and fricassees. Music from stew-pans! — was such a thing ever heard of?"

"Since I have not my violin," said the little scullion, in his turn, angrily addressing the cook, "I must get music out of whatever I can lay my hands upon."

"Can you play the violin, my lad?" inquired the little man, who was no other than the famous Michael Lambert, whose arrival had been so long expected.

"A little, signor," answered Baptiste; "and if I could see a man that they call Michael Lambert, I know very well what I would say to him."

"Well, I am Michael Lambert; now what have you to say to me, my good little man?"

"Are you Michael Lambert?" replied Baptiste, approaching him, and eagerly looking up in his face; "and will you

listen to me? I have no money; I therefore cannot ask you to give me lessons in music; but if you would permit me to hear you play now and then, or to follow you when you go to give lessons in the town, I promise, on the word of Baptiste Lulli, that you shall have in a little time a pupil who will do you honor."

"I will try you," said Lambert. "Take my violin and play."

Little Baptiste did not wait to be asked twice. He took the violin which Lambert presented to him, and raising it to his shoulder, he said, with deep emotion, "At last, then, these fingers once more hold a bow." And he began to play.

After the first notes were struck, Lambert never took his eyes off the boy, who managed the bow with the dexterity of a practised hand and the precision of an admirable ear. The longer the child played, the more rapturous became the delight of the artist; when Baptiste, enjoying the astonishment which he created, suddenly stopped, and, with an arch look and mirthful tone, said to him, "Well, signor, what do you think of that?"

Lambert, in an ecstasy of admiration, ran to Baptiste, took him in his arms, and kissing him several times, cried, "Wonderful! admirable! You are a musician, my boy. Quit your kitchen, quit your skillets, your stew-pans, and come with me. Come, you are my child; come! I will take charge of you, of your education, of your introduction into the world. I expect you will make your fortune — you must make it. Where is Mademoiselle? where is she?" added he, going to the staircase, dragging Baptiste after him. He did not go far before he met the duchess of Montpensier, who, with her

suite, had remained at the top of the staircase, silent and motionless spectators of the whole of this scene. "Madame," said Lambert, whom the presence of the beautiful princess, and the brilliant assemblage of nobility around her did not seem to abash, "a boy of talent like this," pushing Baptiste towards her, "ought not to remain buried in your kitchens. I demand him of your highness, to make a musician of him, and a celebrated musician too." "Make a musician of him; I consent to that, Monsieur Lambert," replied Mademoiselle, kindly; "but I am too delighted to have one among my people to suffer little Baptiste to leave me. I will allow him to go to you as often as he likes to take lessons, which I shall pay for; and I give you my word, that, if he profits by them, I will form a company of musicians of which he shall be one."

Then, turning towards Baptiste, she added, with a glance full of kindness, "Go, throw off your livery, and change it for a page's dress." Six months afterwards Baptiste Lulli wore the black doublet of a secretary, and was the leader of twelve violins, to which he gave such pretty airs of his own composition, that his majesty Louis XIV. demanded him of Mademoiselle, and put him at the head of his own band, so well known and celebrated at that time by the name of "Les Petits Violons."

In the brilliant festivals, of such perpetual recurrence in the court of Louis XIV., Lulli soon found an opening for his talents in the lyric drama. He composed the music of those interludes and after-pieces in which the king himself did not disdain to take part; and Moliere had recourse to him for the operatic and ballet

parts of his pieces. Endowed with a lively and original mind, he did not the less prove that he was able both to feel and to express the higher emotions and deeper sensibilities of the soul.

In her letter of 6th May, 1672, Madame de Sevigné, giving an account of the funeral ceremony of the Chancellor Séquier, says, of Lulli, "As for his genius, it is a thing which cannot be expressed. In the music we had yesterday at the royal chapel, Baptiste outdid himself. His beautiful *miserere* was added on this occasion. There was also a *libera*, at which all eyes were full of tears."

Louis XIV., wishing to reward Lulli munificently, gave him that year the professorship of the Royal Academy of Music, which, up to that time, had belonged to the Abbé Perrin; and to him, in conjunction with Quinault, is attributed the glory of bringing to perfection the grand opera, the pride and boast of the French.

Neither the greatest merit nor the greatest success can avert accidental misfortunes. In 1687 poor Lulli, whom we have traced from obscurity to distinction, in the midst of his well-earned honors, had the misfortune to hurt his foot severely in beating time to a *Te Deum*, performed on the recovery of his majesty from a severe illness. Unhappily, mortification ensued. As he lay on his deathbed he composed a hymn, "Sinner, thou must die;" and sang it, with a faint and tremulous voice.

He died a few days after. His widow, who was the daughter of Michael Lambert, his first master, erected a magnificent monument to his memory in the church of Petits Pères, where he wished to be interred. Sauteuil composed his

epitaph, in six Latin verses, the substance of which, translated, is as follows: "O Death! we knew that thou wert blind, but in striking Lulli, thou hast taught us that thou art deaf also."

Historical Anecdote.

DURING an eruption of Mount Etna, the inhabitants of the adjacent country were obliged for safety to abandon their houses, and retire to a great distance. Amidst the hurry and confusion of the scene, whilst every one was carrying away whatever he deemed most precious, two sons, in the height of their solicitude to preserve their wealth and goods, recollecting that their father and mother, who were both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness set aside every other consideration. "Where," cried the generous youths, "shall we find a more precious treasure than those who gave us being?" This said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, and the other his mother, and they thus made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. The deed struck all beholders with admiration; and ever since, the path they took in their retreat has been called "the Field of the Pious," in memory of this pleasing incident.

A DAY WELL SPENT.—The shortest parliament on record was that of 1399, which had but one session of a single day, and during that short space they contrived to upset one king and set up another.

*Indian Costumes.*

Dress and Costumes.

[Continued from p. 81.]

IN our preceding number we noticed certain vagaries of costume, and we now proceed to notice others.

It must not be supposed that all the

arts of the toilet are confined to civilized life. It would be easy to lay before our readers evidence to show that, in the rudest states of society, as well as the

most refined, personal decoration is a matter of the highest consideration. Mr. Catlin, an American artist, spent some years among our western Indians; and

he has published a book in which he has given a great variety of sketches, showing the various tastes and fancies of these savages as to their attire.



Indian War-Dance.

With us, it is thought the ladies are more devoted to dress than are the men; but with the sons of the forest and the prairie, the boasting warriors, the sage councillors, the elo-

quent orators, engross nearly the whole business of looking fine! These take infinite pains to paint their bodies and decorate their persons; and no fop was ever more proud of his appearance than



Indian Snow-Dance.

are these big, bragging braves. They are not behind their civilized brethren in

assigning particular dresses to particular occasions. As at the palaces of the Tuilleries in Paris, and Buckingham in London, it is expected the people will have the prescribed attire; so, at an In-

dian ball or dance, it will be seen, by the preceding sketches furnished by Mr. Catlin, each one is dressed according to what fashion and etiquette prescribe.



Ancient Mexican Dress.

It would appear that the ancient Mexicans were particularly devoted to dress; and their notions on this subject, according to the Spanish writers, were very sum-

tuous. The appearance of a Mexican army is said to have been in the highest degree imposing, owing to the splendid uniforms worn by the officers and soldiers.



Ancient Mexican Soldiers.

The ancient Peruvian dress seems to have been more simple, yet more elegant, than that of the Mexicans. Coronets of brilliant feathers, and sprinkled with



Ancient Peruvian Dress.

gems, were worn on the head, and woven mantles, of various colors, were thrown over the shoulders. The feet were covered with shoes of cloth or soft leather.

Other Indian tribes and nations adopted still different costumes; a peculiar appearance being usually stamped upon each, so as to give it a national character.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“Take Care of Number One!”

[Continued from p. 69.]

CHAPTER XV.

WITH a melancholy and boding heart, Jacob now began to look around and consider his condition. The scene that presented itself was by no means calculated to allay his anxiety.

The place upon which he was wrecked seemed a rocky promontory connected with the main land by a narrow ledge of rocks, over which the sea was still beating in angry surges. The spot was, therefore, as isolated to him as if it had been encircled by the sea.

The surface of the promontory was extremely irregular, presenting sharp, rugged peaks, with deep ravines between. Not a tree or shrub was visible; and the only tokens of vegetation were a few tufts of dried grass, standing up beneath the sleety sheet of snow that covered the ground. The whole aspect of the scene was rude, savage, and gloomy. No human dwelling was visible; not a single object gave evidence that a human being had ever set his foot on this desolate shore. A few pelicans were seen brooding upon the brows of the cliffs; here and there an albatross was slowly skimming over the ruffled waters, seeming anxiously to peruse their mysterious depths; gulls, of various forms, were screaming amid the crags and chasms that hung beetling over the surges; and triangular flocks of wild geese were seen in the distant sky. But for these evidences of life, all around had seemed given up to the stern dominion of the elements.

Unable to decide upon any course of action, the poor sailor continued moodily gazing around, until the chill in his limbs, and faintness from the want of food, compelled him to action. Yet what could he do? He now walked along the shore, and found the place to be about two miles in circumference. He crossed it twice, seeking at once for shelter and food, but without success, until night was approach-

ing. He now chanced to be standing upon the point of a cliff, beneath which, at a fearful depth, the surf was still raging. While looking down, he saw several birds coming in from the sea, and seem to find a footing immediately beneath him. Looking around, he found a narrow channel in the rocks, by which he easily and safely descended to a considerable distance. He soon came to a vast shelving rock, beneath which, upon an extended floor, a curious and striking scene was presented to his view.

Here was a congregation of several thousand sea-birds — pelicans, gulls, albatrosses, petrels, shearwaters, cormorants, and others — all huddled together, and preparing for their night's repose. A few had already buried their heads beneath their feathers, and were lost in sleep; here and there was a group snarling because some intruder disturbed their quiet; some stood apart, seeming to complain in bitter terms of ill treatment at being thrust out of their places; and a few of the lesser birds, standing on one leg, and gathered into seeming balls of feathers, moaned and shivered around.

The light was still sufficient to show the form of the intruder, as Jacob came into the presence of this strange congregation. A general cry of astonishment burst from the throng. Screams, groans, and hisses, in every key, immediately followed. Some prepared for resistance; a few took the matter calmly, and kept their seats; but by far the greater portion spread their wings and took to flight. The hoarse growling of the surf was, for a moment, drowned in the louder uproar of the rushing and yelling multitude.

Jacob felt his share of astonishment; but he had sufficient self-possession to perceive that the cave, which seemed the castle of the sea-birds, retreated far into the rocks, and afforded abundant shelter for him, without encroaching upon the rights of its feathered possessors. Sliding along, therefore, and keeping as far as he could behind the birds which remained, he entered the recesses of the cavern, and was rejoiced to find himself in a place of security. He had also gathered a few bird's eggs in his progress down the cliff, and was able to satisfy the immediate cravings of hunger. His necessities thus unexpectedly supplied, and his mind being at ease as to the means of future shelter and support, he fell into a long and sweet repose.

The morning brought with it light and hope. The birds had gone forth early to their fishing; and some were already returning gorged with food. One by one the pelicans came in, each having the large bag beneath the throat stuffed with fish. Various members of the other tribes also flew back to their retreat, and, taking up their several positions, sat silent and dosing, in the bliss of digestion. Some continued to hover over the now placid face of the deep, while others were pursuing their distant excursions over the waters.

Our adventurer sat for some time after he awoke looking upon his feathered neighbors, and musing upon the singularity of the spectacle before him. Here were thousands of birds associated together by one common tie; for they were all fishermen — all dependent upon the sea for their living; but, at the same time, nothing could be more varied than their

plumage, their size, their forms, their motions, and their tempers. And one thing, particularly, struck the notice of our hero; which was the law of force which reigned among this community. Every thing was settled by might, and not by right. The strongest ruled. Fighting and biting were the constant occupation on all sides. Feathers flew, and blood sometimes flowed, in these squabbles. It also often happened that a sick or wounded bird was vindictively pursued by a powerful assailant, driven over the verge of the rocks, and plunged down, to its destruction, at the foot of the cliff. "The rule here," says Jacob, internally, "seems to be, that *each shall take care of number one!*!"

"It reminds me," said he, still musing, "of a city of men, women, and children. These are bound by a common bond — by common feelings and interests; yet there is an infinite diversity among them. We there behold your fat albatross, your gluttonous pelican, your fierce cormorant, your noisy gull, your shy and timid petrel. But does the law of might govern every thing? Do the strong oppress the weak? Are the fierce and unrelenting permitted to worry and chase the sick and wounded to their graves? Is human society but a congregation of brutes, knowing no law but brute force? Is there no higher rule of action, among men, than this? Shall each seek his own good, careless of the good of others?"

It might seem that, in circumstances like those of Jacob Karl, the first and only thought would be, "What shall I eat? How shall I escape from this desolate island?" But nothing is more certain than that, in hours of trouble, the mind

is forced to look into itself, to review its history, to consider its duties and its relations, its faults, and its failures; and is thus instructed in the most important and useful lessons of life. The severe discipline of Providence thus tends to make us reflect upon our own characters, and consequently to understand them better. Things which before taught us nothing, become preachers of truth, and light springs up in the midst of darkness. "The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth" is a profound and beautiful truth. Jacob Karl, who had plodded on for years in ignorance, error, and confusion of mind, was now made to "consider his ways;" and was thus extracting good from the fountains of adversity.

It must not be supposed, from what we have said, that our hero was yet a very profound philosopher; for his thoughts were still undefined, and he only saw the truth by glimpses. Nor must it be imagined that he was inattentive to his immediate wants; for, after a time spent in musing, he arose; and, amid the screams and flutterings of his neighbors, he went forth from his cave, and, having collected some bird's eggs, made a scanty breakfast. During the day, he made a more careful survey of the island, collected a quantity of feathers, which were very abundant in the crannies of the cave, for his bed, and, after much labor, gathered grass and sticks enough to make a fire. This he kindled by his flint and steel, and, having knocked down a wild goose with a stone, made an ample and savory dinner.

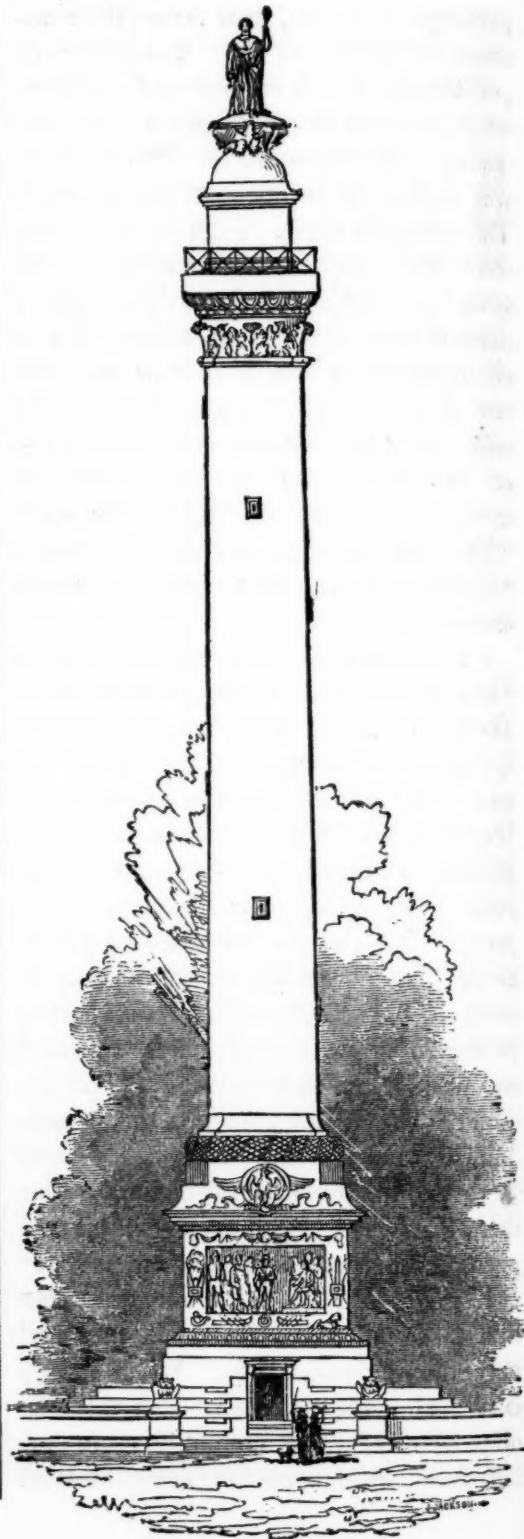
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE children are, is a golden age.

The Boulogne Memorial of Bonaparte.

BOULOGNE is a considerable town on the northern coast of France, nearly opposite Dover, in England. It has about 30,000 inhabitants, 7,000 of whom are English people, it being a favorite place of retirement, and affording good sea-bathing. The place has some interesting institutions; and the hills around present many beautiful villas. It is chiefly memorable, in history, as being the place where Bonaparte collected an immense naval and military armament, for the invasion of England, near forty years ago. On the hills around the town, he assembled a force, amounting to 180,000 men, under his ablest generals — Soult, Ney, Davoust, and Victor. The harbor was covered with a flotilla of 2,400 boats for transports. With this force, aided by the French fleet, to be gathered from other ports, he meditated an attack on England. His plan was to march direct to London — abolish the monarchy — proclaim parliamentary reform, and establish a republic on the ruins of the old government!

This was the magnificent scheme; and so confident were he and his men of success, that they began a lofty monument, a mile from Boulogne, to commemorate the enterprise. But this stupendous project, with many others, failed; Napoleon died upon a distant sea-girt island; and England is at a higher point of power than ever before. The monument, above mentioned, was long unfinished, but it has lately been completed. It is about 180 feet in height, with a colossal image of Napoleon on the top, 16 feet in height.



Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 86.]

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING rested over night at the village mentioned in the last chapter, we set out the next morning for Jedo. The crowd of people travelling to and from the capital was prodigious, and increased at every step. We soon entered the suburbs, and passed through long streets so crowded with people, that it was with difficulty I could see any thing else in the immense bustle, hurly-burly, and jostling of this enormous population. The buildings appeared to be all shops, filled with goods; and most of them protected by awnings in front; every shop had a sign with great staring letters. We proceeded onward for two hours; but, to my amazement, I was told that we had not yet reached the central part of the city, and that it would require six hours' travel to pass through it! At length we reached the quarter called *Nagasakiya*, where the foreign visitors are lodged. Here I alighted, and was carried into a house not far from the imperial palace.

No words can give an adequate idea of this city, and the immense swarm of human beings which it contains. The number of the inhabitants no one knows; but my Japanese acquaintance estimated them at eight millions. Perhaps there are not more than half or even a third so many; for, in such enormous numbers, there can be nothing but conjecture; but, when it is stated that the city is sixty miles in circumference, we may have some faint conception of what a human hive it must be.

I shall not weary the reader with an

account of the various examinations to which I was subjected by the Japanese officers, before I was permitted to enjoy a little freedom in strolling about the city. At length I obtained this liberty; and, having adopted the Japanese dress, I made many excursions up and down the streets, attended by two of the natives, who had constant charge of me, not only to prevent my escape, but also to guard against the accidents which might befall me, in a place where every thing was so utterly strange and new to me.

Every night I was alarmed with the cry of fire; and I soon learned that this was nothing uncommon. In fine weather, a fire is always expected as soon as it grows dark. In rainy seasons, they are not so common; and the citizens of Jedo always wish one another joy of a cloudy evening, saying, "Ai! ai! ai! *tenki ioi*"— "Fine weather; we shall have no fires to-night." These frequent conflagrations are caused by the combustible nature of the houses, which are almost all built in the manner I have described, of wood and bamboo, with paper partitions. The frequency of earthquakes in Japan renders brick and stone buildings dangerous; and, for the same reason, the houses are seldom more than two stories high.

In consequence of these frequent fires, every house, of any great value, has a detached store-room, or warehouse, built of wood-work, but made fire-proof by a coating of clay, a foot in thickness. These buildings have copper window-shutters; and, for further security, a large tub of wet clay is always kept at hand to

smear over every part of the structure on the breaking out of a fire in the neighborhood. Within these receptacles tradesmen keep all their most valuable goods, and private families their most precious articles of furniture, books, papers, &c. ; and they commonly stand the fire with perfect safety.

About three weeks after my arrival at Jedo, I was awakened, as usual, a little before midnight, by the cry of fire. It was my custom to inquire in what part of the city the fire was, in case of any alarm ; and when I learned, on this occasion, that it was six miles off, I gave myself no concern about it, and lay down again. About four o'clock in the morning I awoke again, and was surprised to find a great light shining into the room. I got up, and looked out. The whole sky appeared to be one great blood-red sheet of fire ; the city, for a mile in extent, was wrapped in flames, like a huge volcano, vomiting a shower of sparks and cinders before a high wind, directly towards my residence. I dressed myself and went out. The streets were filled with a tumultuous crowd of people hurrying away from the flames, which drove onward from street to street with frightful rapidity.

Never did I witness any thing so dreadful. On all sides were heard the shouts of the alarmed citizens, and the dismal cries of the women and children. Every body scrambled for life and death before the immense ocean of flame. The streets were choked up with the crowds of affrighted people — multitudes were crushed to death and trodden under foot in the tumult. To run with the flames, before the wind, was highly dangerous. I there-

fore took an oblique direction toward the river ; here I found the crowd still greater ; yet I pushed onward, though a part of the street was already on fire. The end of this street communicated with the Nipon-bas, or great bridge of Jedo. So dense a throng had here collected that the bridge, unable to support their weight, gave way, and precipitated them into the river.

The scene that ensued baffles all description. The crowd in the rear, ignorant of what had happened, continued to press onward, and drive those before them into the water. Shrieks and exclamations from the drowning wretches filled the air, and were echoed by the distracted multitude who were rushing forward, in wild despair, to escape the flames. More than a thousand persons were drowned, and two hundred burnt to death. I escaped almost by a miracle. Wedged into the crowd so firmly that I was unable to move an arm right or left, I could only suffer myself to drift onward ; but, luckily, when I least expected it, I found myself squeezed sideways into a narrow lane, down which I passed into another street which led off from the direction in which the greater part of the affrighted multitude was moving.

I was now close to the scene of this awful conflagration ; and by this time it was ten o'clock in the forenoon. An open street was before me in which several houses were burning ; but beyond it appeared a space, like a public square, which seemed to be clear of the flames. I ran through this street, holding my breath, that I might not be suffocated with the smoke. I got through in safety, and emerged from it into a wide

square, in which a vast multitude had collected to take shelter from the flames. I was struck with the sight of a great number of flags hoisted upon poles here and there ; and learned, upon inquiry, that these were the standards of princes and noblemen who had been burnt out, and had collected their families and dependants around them here.

This terrible conflagration continued through the day and following night, when a violent shower of rain arrested its progress, and the exertions of the firemen at length subdued it entirely. The devastation was incalculable, several miles square having been laid waste. But such is the industry of these people that, in the course of two or three days, all were busily at work rebuilding their houses ; and within a month not a vestige of the calamity was to be seen.

The streets of Jedo are very regular ; for the city has been so repeatedly laid waste by fires, that the inhabitants have had plenty of opportunities to improve and beautify it. Many parts of it are intersected by small streams and ditches communicating with the harbor. Over these are laid a number of handsome bridges. The great bridge of Nipon-bas is regarded as the central spot of the city, and, indeed, of the whole empire ; for all the milestones in Japan are numbered by their distance from this point. The Nipon-bas connects the two portions of a long and wide street, similar to the Boulevards of Paris. This is the great thoroughfare of Jedo, and is constantly filled with a throng of people, such as, I think, cannot be paralleled on the globe.

Besides the ordinary crowd of business here, I met every day some great public

procession in mighty pomp, show, and ceremony. Numerous trains of princes of the empire, and nobles and public officers, were constantly passing along this great avenue on their way to court. Vast numbers of ladies, richly appareled, make this their ordinary promenade, though they never go on foot, but are carried up and down in their norimons. This street, and all the others in the neighborhood, are filled with shops of drapers, silk-merchants, booksellers, druggists, idol-venders, glass-blowers, &c., with all their wares displayed to the view of the passenger.

The houses of Jedo are small, and generally of two stories ; they are built, for the most part, of fir-wood, with thin clayed walls, and divided into rooms by paper screens. The roofs are covered with tiles, or a sort of light wooden shingles. Almost every house has a place in the garret, where a tub of water is kept, with a couple of mats ; these they wet, and lay on the roof, when a fire breaks out in the neighborhood ; and such a precaution is effectual in common cases. But it is far from sufficient to stop the progress of a great conflagration like the one just described. In such cases, the Japanese know of no remedy but to pull down buildings in the vicinity of the fire ; and, for this purpose, companies of firemen, clad in leather coats, and bearing fire-hooks on their shoulders, patrol the streets day and night. Fire-engines are unknown in Japan.

Jedo contains a vast number of stately palaces, the residence of the princes and nobles. These are separated from the other buildings of the city by spacious court-yards. The palaces are only one story high, but cover a great deal of

ground, and contain magnificent apartments. All of these have fine painted and varnished staircases leading to the main entrance. The emperor's palace is an enormous enclosure, twelve or fifteen miles in circuit. It is walled and ditched, and defended by a great number of castles and towers. That part in which the emperor lodges, is built of large blocks of stone, laid upon one another without mortar or fastening of any kind, that, in case of an earthquake, the walls may yield to the shocks without being thrown down. Whether this precaution would save a building from destruction I cannot say; but I judge that the Japanese have some knowledge of the efficacy of such a mode of architecture from experience.

In the centre of the palace rises a square tower, high above the other parts of the building; this consists of many stories, and is built of white stone, and embellished with curious ornaments, so as to present a very striking aspect. The other portions of the palace are ornamented with turrets and gilt dragons; the whole edifice constitutes a most gorgeous pile of architecture according to the standard of Oriental magnificence. In the rear of the imperial residence is a rising ground, beautified according to the Japanese fashion, with gardens and orchards.

On the top of the hill is a grove of plane-trees, bearing flowers in the shape of a star — yellow, pink, and crimson — of the brightest hues. The whole scene is most enchantingly picturesque.

I was frequently conducted into the palace, for the purpose of answering questions proposed to me by the Japanese officers; and on these occasions, I had

opportunities of observing the interior structure of this splendid pile. All the apartments, halls, and galleries through which I passed, were finished in the very highest style of Japanese architecture. The ceiling, wainscoting, and pillars, were either of cedar, camphor-wood, or *jeseri*, a wood whose grain runs into the shape of flowers and fantastic figures. This wood is generally covered with a thin, transparent varnish, in order to show its beautiful veins. Sometimes it is japanned or carved into figures of birds and branches, and neatly gilt. The floors of the halls and apartments were carpeted with the finest white mats bordered with gold fringes; the rooms contained no other movables.

The Japanese officers told me, that the emperor had a private apartment under ground, protected above by a double ceiling, water-tight; this was constantly kept filled with water, and, whenever a thunder-storm arose, the emperor repaired to this subterraneous abode for safety; it being a notion, current among the Japanese, that the force of lightning is broken by passing through water. Yet they are totally ignorant of the principles of electricity, and the difference between conductors and non-conductors. A lightning-rod would be a great marvel among them.

On the fourth week after my arrival at Jedo, about eleven o'clock one forenoon, the air being perfectly calm, I was alarmed by a shock of an earthquake. It shook the house violently, and was about a minute in duration. No damage, however, was done to the city; and I was now convinced of the prudence of the Japanese in building their houses low,

and of slight materials; for a lofty house, with firm walls of stone or brick, would not be proof against the repeated shocks which they must encounter every year in this country.

While on the subject of the destruction of buildings, I will observe that, among the common objects of sale at Moscow, are ready-made houses. The small size of these buildings enables the Russians to carry on this trade with great facility, so that a man may buy a house in the market, and carry it home, just as he would a go-cart or a bird-cage. This is one of the reasons why the devastations of a fire are so quickly repaired in our country. I described this Russian custom to my Japanese friends, and they were exceedingly diverted with the novelty of it. I told them they could not do a better thing than to introduce the practice among their own citizens; for the Japanese houses are lighter, and more easily moved about, than those of the Russians; at the same time, that the frequency and extent of the fires in Jedo would render the custom very useful. They agreed with me in this, and declared their determination to make an attempt to introduce such an improvement. But the Japanese people of all ranks are so strongly attached to their old habits, and so averse to adopting any new custom or innovation, that I am afraid, notwithstanding my wise recommendation, the great and combustible city of Jedo is still without a *house-market*, and will continue so for many years to come.

The shops of Jedo afforded me an inexhaustible subject for curious observation. The workmanship of the Japanese artists shows wonderful ingenuity and skill. The Japan varnish is known all

over the civilized world. The tree, which affords this juice, grows so abundantly here, that the inhabitants lacker all their table utensils, trunks, saddles, bows, arrows, spears, sheaths, cartridge-boxes, tobacco-boxes, &c. Even the interior walls of their houses, their screens, and lattices, are beautified with it. The polish is so beautifully clear that you can see your face in it, as in a mirror. The natural color of this juice is white, but it may be turned to any color by mixing with it the proper pigment. When fresh drawn from the tree, the juice is poisonous; but after it has stood some time in the open air it loses its noxious quality.

The greater part of the Japanese domestic utensils, such as pots and pails, are made of copper, a metal very abundant in this country. The Japanese copper is the best in the world, and always contains a considerable quantity of gold; yet it is used in this country for the meanest purposes. The rich have the roofs of their houses covered with plates of it, and the timbers secured with copper spikes. There is not a house in the empire without a copper tea kettle, which is kept constantly standing over the fire. The tea-kettles, alone, must cause an immense consumption of this metal. The Dutch formerly derived immense profits from the exportation of Japanese copper; for the natives appear either to have been ignorant that it contained gold, or to have wanted the skill to extract it. But of late years they have discovered the value of the commodity; and they now refuse to sell their copper till they have separated the gold from it.

A mixture of copper and zinc is used by the Japanese for the manufacture of

mirrors; for, although the art of glass-blowing is not unknown among them, their artists are not skilled in the method of silvering glass. Japan produces no quicksilver. These composition mirrors are highly polished, and answer the pur-

pose for which they are designed about as well as those of glass. The Japanese mirrors are not hung against the walls of their rooms, as with us, but are placed on movable stands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

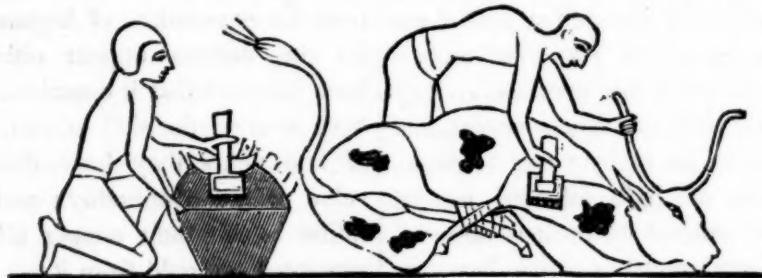
Three Thousand Years Ago.

[Continued from p. 88.]



WE now return to the ancient Egyptian paintings, which portray the manners and customs of a nation long since passed away. The preceding cut exhibits several women playing on musical instruments; one of which is very

much like our modern harp, and the other two are similar to our guitars. It would appear that music was much cultivated by the Egyptians of remote ages, and that they had attained a considerable degree of knowledge in the art.



All the operations of their agriculture are delineated in the pictures with curious fidelity. One of them, as above, represents an ox lying on the ground, while a

man is marking his number upon him | oxen is marked 86, by which it appears with a hot-iron brand. One of the king's | that he was a considerable grazier.



Fishing and hunting are also delineated in all their varieties. The above sketch presents a sportsman returning from the chase, with a gazelle over his shoulders, and his hounds at his side.



The sports of the people are also indicated; and among them we perceive the game of ball to have been practised by

the ladies. Their ways were somewhat hoidenish; for the loser was obliged to carry the winner upon her back. The picture of a ball, of which the following is a copy, shows that it was made in old times nearly as at the present day:—



Temperance appears not to have been always practised by the people; and we are sorry to see that the women sometimes became intoxicated. The following cut illustrates a scene at the end of a feast; and shows, too plainly, that one of the ladies has forgotten herself, and is

obliged to be borne home by her com-



panions. There were sad doings in old Egypt, as there are now-a-days in some other places; but we are happy to say that intemperance with the fair sex is exceedingly rare in our own times.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 91.]

CHAPTER X.

THE works of nature are on a grand scale in South America. The mountains rise to the clouds; and, from the tops of some of them, volcanic chimneys pour forth their floods of fire and lava. The rains sometimes descend rather in torrents than in drops. The peals of thunder, and the flashes of lightning, are the most terrific in the world.

Scarcely had our three travellers found shelter in their rocky retreat, when one of those wild storms began, which mark the climate of Peru. The clouds were hurled along the sky in black, ragged masses, with bright openings between; the lightning leaped from them down upon the mountain peaks, and the thunder was echoed from height to height, or rolled in growling murmurs along the valleys. The

rain followed, and seemed to fall in sheets, the rocks and ravines on every side spouting with the flood.

The inhabitants of the cave sat listening to the wild uproar without, when a new and fearful event attracted their attention. The voice of the storm seemed, for a moment, to be quelled by the growling of a wild beast; and, a moment after, the narrow door of the cavern was darkened, and the face of a tiger, glaring with excitement, was presented to the view of the astonished group. Chicama was about to face the intruder, when the priest beckoned him to be still. At the same time he turned toward the beast, and bent upon him a fixed and steady gaze. The animal, which had been terrified by the uproar of the elements, and driven to seek refuge in his lair, was now startled by a new surprise. Cowed, however, by the storm, and not less subdued by the strange aspect of the priest, he crouched upon his belly, crept softly into the cave, and slinking behind the travellers, buried himself in the dim recesses of the rocks.

A few moments passed in silence. At last Chicama spoke: "This is a strange incident. How do you account for it? Is the tiger a coward, or does Orano hold dominion over wild beasts?"

"Neither, my son," said the priest. "The tiger is fierce and savage; he thirsts for blood, and will drink it, when it comes in his way. But this event is an omen of good. Let us take courage. It is my gift to read the signs of heaven. We are to pass through danger; but final safety will attend our steps. The storm may beat upon us; we may be driven to rocks and caves for shelter, and here wild beasts

may glare upon us, but Heaven will watch over us, and save us."

The force of the storm was now spent. It gradually lulled, the thunder murmuring faintly in the distance, and the tempest, after a few fitful gusts, dying away. The travellers now came forth from their den, and, soon coming to the great road which led to Cusco, proceeded steadily on their journey. Chicama could not but be struck with the evidences of skill and power which met his view. Many parts of the country were highly cultivated and thickly peopled. Towns, villages, and cities, seemed to crowd the valleys and slopes of the mountains. The rivers, which had their sources in the high lands, were made to pass by a thousand channels over the more arid lands below; thus, in many instances, converting natural deserts into fruitful gardens. The people seemed gentle, tranquil, and happy. In the country they went forth to the labors of the field in bands, each individual being crowned with fresh and blooming flowers. Children sported along the road-side, and around the doors of the huts. Like children every where, they were running, chasing, leaping, laughing — now pensive, and now gay — now, like animals, exercising their limbs, and now, like human beings, beginning to try the spreading wings of sentiment and thought.

Chicama could not repress his wonder and admiration. "I am astonished at these scenes. I had supposed Peru to be a savage country, inhabited by people who knew not the Christian's God, and who were sunk in barbarism, poverty, and vice; but I am now undeceived. The spectacle I witness would hardly be unworthy of

the hilly districts of Andalusia, my native country."

"The praises of one's country," said Orano, "are dear to the heart, especially when they come from one who has seen the bright spots of the earth. Yet what gives you pleasure, brings dark and gloomy emotions to my bosom."

"Indeed!" said the Spaniard; "this is a riddle."

"I will explain," said the priest. "The empire of Peru was founded in religion, and that religion is summed up in a single word — peace. Peace is God's will, and man's interest and duty. This grand and sublime idea might have been known to the first of men, for they were near to God. But they lost this revelation, and with it they lost the path of happiness. It was discovered to our Peruvian fathers; and they showed it to the people. The people learned to love it; and thus the empire grew in wealth and power. Look around! These cities, these villages, these cultivated lands, this great national road, all these improvements, this happiness of the teeming population, are the direct offspring of that peace which the Sun revealed, and the inca practised.

"But peace is no longer recognized in Peru. Atahualpa is emperor, and he has built his throne not on peace, but on war. Blood, blood of his kindred, blood of the line of Manco Capac, blood of his own people, stains his robe and his sceptre. Blood has been his choice, and blood will be his recompense. Spaniard, what was dim and dark before is becoming clear to my vision. Your mighty captain, Pizarro, is making giant strides over the country. Every thing falls before him. Nothing

can withstand the power he wields. His weapons hurl the thunder and the lightning; his men are borne forward on animals of supernatural strength and swiftness. He now approaches the emperor Atahualpa. The latter, with his legions, waits for him at Caxamalca. They will soon meet. Pizarro will play the tiger, and pounce upon his prey, as the spider, and wind him in his fatal web. The false inca is doomed. Coming events cast before me their prophetic shadows. I see what is not yet visible to other eyes."

"You seem to think Pizarro is cruel, and that he and his men are to do the work of vengeance," said Chicama. "Yet you consider him sent of Heaven, and he is to perform its will. This seems contradictory."

"Such," said the priest, "is the view of short-sighted ignorance. Pizarro is a man of blood, and his troop are like himself. They come to a land of peace and plenty, and leave destruction and death in their path. Their track is marked with ruined houses, wasted lands, and the bleaching bones of unoffending men, women, and children. They are tigers, in the image of man, which they abuse and profane. As tigers are permitted of Heaven, so are they; as the thunder and the lightning are permitted, so are they; and as these sometimes fulfil the purposes of Heaven, so may they. But they are no less the scourges of the earth, and the condemned of God."

"Your judgment is severe," said Chicama.

"And have I not cause?" said Orano, quickly. "Have I not cause? Do I not see my countrymen butchered, their dwellings consumed, their wealth plun-

dered, and this, too, for no offence, by foreign invaders, who can lay no claim to the country or the allegiance of the people?"

"You seem to forget the motive set forth by the Spaniards for their conduct," said the youth. "They came here as Christians, to make you acquainted with Christianity, the only true religion."

"What must that religion be," said the priest, scornfully, "which teaches its agents and ministers to rob, murder, and plunder the innocent! And by what authority do these people come? Who has commissioned them to do this work?"

"They have authority from the pope of Rome," said Chicama; blushing, however, as he spoke.

"And who is the pope of Rome?" said the priest, lifting his eyebrows with an air of mingled curiosity and derision.

"He is God's vicegerent on earth," said the youth.

"You use words I do not comprehend," said the priest. "Seek not to abuse my understanding by tricks of speech. What do you mean by God's *vicegerent* on earth?"

"I mean God's agent, God's minister, appointed to act for him in the affairs of this world," was the reply.

"And so," said Orano, "God's agent at Rome has sent Pizarro and his band here, to rob and murder the people of Peru!"

"Robbery and murder is not the object of their mission," said Chicama; "it is only an incident of their enterprise. I am no priest, and cannot enter into the subtleties of religion; but I will state the case as well as I can. All this earth belongs to God; and the pope, as his

agent, has a right to dispose of it as he thinks best. Especially do all heathen lands come under his control; it is his duty to see that heathen people become Christians. If they refuse, it is his duty to take away their possessions, and subject them to torture and death, if need be, to bring them into the holy church."

"This is, indeed, a high trust," said Orano; "and what evidence has the pope to show that such is his office?"

"I know not," said the youth; "though I believe he claims this privilege by virtue of ancient legends, which set forth that he is the successor of those who held the privilege before him."

"And so," said Orano, sternly, "*ancient legends*, which here in Peru would not be sufficient to give title to an acre of land, are cited as the evidence of such a mighty commission. Alas! alas! the blindness of these Christians may well make a Peruvian blush. *Ancient legends* can convert a man into God's agent on earth, and commission him to play the demon's part toward his fellow-men. O, how terrible must be the God that can employ such agents! how foolish the people who believe and trust them! But I spurn it all as a trick—a mockery of those who are base and wicked, and who give no other evidence of virtue than a hypocritical attempt to apologize for their crimes. Spaniard, you are young, and I hope still uncorrupted by the vices of these Christians. Listen to an old man's words: God's religion is always a religion of peace. The sun is his type, and his most eloquent preacher. Love is his very essence, and he would be imitated by all his children. He would have us all love him and one another; he would have us

spend our lives in making one another happy. Peace, as I have said, is the essence of God's will revealed to man. If any one come to us, then, with any other religion than this, we know it to be false; it is not God's religion, but man's base counterfeit. Tell me not that Christianity is of God; for its ministers are robbers and murderers. Ask me not to embrace a faith, at the head of which is a man pretending to be ordained of Heaven, while he saps the very foundations of morality by claiming what is not his own, and by causing those to be persecuted, plundered, and burnt at the stake, who do not bow to the religion of which he is the chief priest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Historical Anecdote.

THE emperor Decimus, intending and desiring to place the crown on the head of Decius, his son, the young prince refused it in the most strenuous manner. "I am afraid," said he, "lest, being made an emperor, I should forget that I am a son. I had rather be no emperor and a dutiful son, than an emperor and a disobedient son. Let, then, my father bear the rule; and let this only be my empire, to obey with all humility whatsoever he shall command me." Thus the solemnity was waived, and the young man was not crowned,—unless it be thought that this signal piety towards an indulgent parent was a more glorious diadem than the crown of an empire.

FORGIVENESS is the finding again of something lost.



Talks and Walks ; or, Ike, Izzy, and I.

[Continued from p. 96.]

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, when the bell for breakfast was rung in the cabin, Isaac and Izzy got out of their berths and began to dress themselves ; but the vessel pitched about a good deal, and they were thrown down several times. At last, with the help of the stewardess, they were dressed, and went to the table. But Izzy soon had a dizziness in her head, and a queer feeling in the region of her stomach. She could not eat, and was obliged to hasten to her berth, when she was soon in all the agonies of sea-sickness. Isaac followed Izzy's example, and for four weary days they were confined to their beds.

The pains of sea-sickness are severe ; and our young voyagers almost began to repent that they had left their homes to trust the treacherous deep. But they got better at last ; and, in a week from their departure, were scampering as gayly over the decks as they were wont to do

on the land. They now made themselves familiar with the several parts of the ship — the masts, the various sails, the ropes, and the other parts of the rigging.

Izzy, who took things by wholesale, was satisfied with a general idea of what she saw ; but Isaac was of a more investigating turn ; so he inquired the names and uses of every thing. He found the captain ready to answer all his questions, and the sailors seemed to take pleasure in gratifying his curiosity.

Thus he learned all about the main-mast, the mizzen-mast, and the foremast ; about rudders and bowsprits ; gibbs, spankers, crogues, mainsails, foresails, topsails, royals, and studding-sails ; about shrouds, halliards, and braces ; about starboard and larboard, leeward and windward, and many other things belonging to the sailor's art.

But what especially attracted the attention of Isaac, was the compass. How this should know how to point north,

when all around was a level sea, when no land was in view, and the sky was hidden by clouds, and when even the captain and sailors could tell nothing about it, except by the compass itself, this was indeed a wonder which excited the boy's keenest curiosity. He asked me about it, and I could only tell him that the *loadstone* or *magnet* had long been known to have the gift of endowing a steel or iron needle with the power of pointing to the north; and that it had long been used by seamen as the sailor's guide across the ocean. But *why* the needle should thus point to the north was unknown to learned men, and more than I could tell.

Isaac mused long on this wonderful instrument; but his attention was soon turned to the *log*, by which the speed of the vessel is ascertained. This consists of a line with a piece of wood at the end, loaded with lead, so as to stand up in the water. This is thrown into the sea, and the line, which is wound up on a reel, runs out astern. A sailor, with a minute-glass, stands by, and, when a minute is passed, the line is stopped, and the length of it, with the number of knots that has run out, is noted. The thing is so contrived, that a knot stands for a mile, and the number of knots that have run out, shows the number of miles which the vessel is going in an hour. Hence we say, the ship goes so many *knots* or miles the hour.

Another thing which Isaac viewed with interest, was the captain's "*taking observations.*" He had a curious instrument called a *sextant*; this had some little glasses, through which he looked at the sun; and, after making some calculations in figures, he could tell whereabout in the great

ocean the ship was. This was a real mystery to the young voyager; and he was not a little disturbed when I told him that he was too young to understand the subject, and that it would require years of study even to comprehend it, much more to practise it. After I had said this, Isaac remarked, —

"One thing surprises me. I thought any body could be a sailor. I had no idea that a ship was so curious and wonderful. I had no idea that one must know so much to be a captain. It really seems to me that sailing a ship not only requires great care, but great study. It seems to me that Captain Lewis knows more than any body I ever saw."

"I am glad to hear you say this," said I; "for it shows that you have observed carefully what is going on in our vessel. A ship is, indeed, one of the wonders of human ingenuity; and the art of navigation is one of the greatest triumphs of human skill and power. By means of this, the oceans are traversed, and nations, that else had remained forever separated, are brought into intercourse with each other. By means of navigation, the form of the earth has been made known, and by this the articles of each country and climate are distributed to all the others when they are needed."

Our voyage was a pleasant one. The weather was generally mild; we had some calms and one gale. We met with no extraordinary events. We saw shoals of porpoises tumbling along in the water, and looking like black hogs; we saw one whale spouting in the distance; we saw flocks of sea-swallows, or petrels, which followed in the track of the vessel, and feasted on pieces of meat and fat that

were thrown overboard; we saw sheer-waters, wheeling over the waves, and seeming to fly about without a movement of the wing. But we had no sights worthy of a particular description, and met with nothing which is not common to most voyages across the Atlantic. It is true that a hen, one day, got out of the coop; and when the cook tried to catch her, she flew overboard. She seemed surprised as she plunged into the waves, but not discouraged. She immediately began to swim, and, turning toward the vessel, made her best efforts to reach it. The struggle lasted for some minutes. Isaac and Isabel watched the strife with interest; and the latter begged Captain Lewis to get out a boat, and save her. Finding him deaf to her request, she ran to him, saying, "Do, captain, do save poor biddy. See, she is sinking. O, it is too bad! There, there! she is gone! she has sunk! It is too bad; it is really too bad!" Saying this, the child burst into a flood of tears; and, during the remainder of the day, refused to be comforted.

After eighteen days we reached the English Channel and saw the coast of England, which seemed to rise in lofty cliffs, appearing at first like clouds. We also met a British pilot-boat, and one of the men came on board our vessel. He brought us some late papers, told us the news, and asked in return for meat, potatoes, and brandy.

We were baffled for several days by head winds; and it was not till our twenty-fourth day that we were safely landed at the French city of Havre. Here the eyes of the young travellers were opened wide, to see the curious things that met their

view; but we must defer our account of what they saw till the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Magpie; or, Bad Company.

LET others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir,
The linnet, chaffinch, goldfinch, thrush,
And every warbler of the bush;
I sing the mimic magpie's fame,
In wicker cage, well fed and tame.

In Fleet Street dwelt, in days of yore,
A jolly tradesman, named Tom More;
Generous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play;
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As dice-box rattling o'er the board;
Bewitching hazard is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In basket prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A favorite magpie sees the play,
And mimics every word they say.
"O, how he nicks us!" Tom More cries;
"O, how he nicks us!" Mag replies.
Tom throws, and eyes the glittering store,
And as he throws, exclaims, "Tom More!"
"Tom More!" the mimic bird replies;
The astonished gamesters lift their eyes,
And wondering stare, and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipated life, of course,
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worse;
Nor prayers nor promises prevail
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now, between each heartfelt sigh,
Tom oft exclaims, "Bad company!"
Poor Mag, who shares his master's fate,
Exclaims from out his wicker grate,
"Bad company! Bad company!"
Then views poor Tom with curious eye,
And cheers his master's wretched hours
By this display of mimic powers;

The imprisoned bird, though much caressed,
Is still by anxious cares oppressed;
In silence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison gate.

Observe through life, you'll always find
A fellow-feeling makes us kind;
So Tom resolves immediately
To give poor Mag his liberty;
Then opes his cage, and, with a sigh,
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now Mag, once more with freedom blest,
Looks round to find a place of rest;
To Temple Gardens wings his way—
There perches on a neighboring spray.

The gardener now, with busy cares,
A curious seed for grass prepares:
Yet spite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare;
The feathered plunderers come in view,
And Mag soon joins the thievish crew.

The watchful gardener now stands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye;
The birds begin their stolen repast—
The flying net secures them fast.

The vengeful clown, now filled with ire,
Does to a neighboring shed retire,
And, having fast secured the doors
And windows, next the net explores.

Now, in revenge for plundered seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed;
Then twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless on the ground.

Mag, who with man was used to herd,
Knew something more than common bird;
He therefore watched with anxious care,
And slipped himself from out the snare;
Then, perched on nail, remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.
“O, how he nicks us!” Maggy cries;—
The astonished gardener lifts his eyes;
With faltering voice and panting breath,

Exclaims, “Who's there?” — All still as death.

His murderous work he does resume,
And casts his eye around the room
With caution, and, at length, does spy
The Magpie, perched on nail so high!
The wondering clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than bird;
With fear impressed, does now retreat
Towards the door with trembling feet;
Then says, “Thy name I do implore?”
The ready bird replies, “Tom More.”
“O dear!” the frightened clown replies,
With hair erect and staring eyes.
Half opening then the hovel door,
He asks the bird one question more:
“What brought you here?” — With quick
reply,
Sly Mag rejoins — “Bad company!”

Out jumps the gardener in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And, as he runs, impressed with dread,
Exclaims, “Sure, Satan's in the shed!”

The wondrous tale a bencher hears,
And soothes the man, and quells his fears,
Gets Mag secured in wicker cage,
Once more to spend his little rage:
In Temple Hall, now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims, “Bad company!”

ONE of our young friends has sent us the following tale, which we insert with pleasure.

Jean Pie de la Mirandole.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME COLLET.

I WISH, my children, that you should know what is often heard too late. It is this: Labor is not only a duty in life, but is often the source of glory and of happiness.

The story which I am now going to

relate to you, will prove to what happiness and renown love and diligence can lead.

Near Modena, in Italy, in an old fortified chateau, lived, in the fifteenth century, François de la Mirandole, count of Concordia.

His ancestors had been powerful princes and celebrated warriors; they were the dread of all their neighbors, and principally of the lords of Mantua, called Bonacossi, who had vowed eternal hatred to the counts de la Mirandole. At the time in which our history commences, this hatred was not extinguished. Old quarrels were continually revived, and François de la Mirandole held his chateau constantly under arms to repulse the attacks of Lord Bonacossi, who had many powerful partisans in the government of Modena.

Count François had three sons; the two eldest, partaking of his warlike humor, embraced with joy the career of arms; but the youngest, Jean de la Mirandole, who was only ten years of age, a thoughtful and gentle child, flew from all the noisy exercises, and passed the hours in study, near his mother, who had a great affection for him. His father, on the contrary, laughed at his peaceable inclinations; he treated him harshly, and often told him that he would be a shame to the family, the ancestors of which had been renowned in war. The child did not shed tears at this, for he felt that he had powers within him which would one day justify him.

His mother, being of a mild temperament, was delighted to see one of her sons so consecrated to study; she followed the progress of this child, and was astonished to see him embrace, without

effort, the different branches of art and science.

At ten years old, he knew ancient literature, and made verses which were admired by all who heard them. His mother loved to make him repeat them to her, and often, in a transport of maternal pride and tenderness, she cried, "Jean is a child from Providence, and is destined to some great things."

She could not make her husband coincide with her opinion; but she finally obtained a promise from him, that he would allow Jean to pursue his course in peace.

In the mean time, a new discussion, between Lord Bonacossi and the count de la Mirandole, became the cause of a war, which the two families swore, on taking arms, not to cease until one of them should be annihilated. The combats were long and murderous. On both sides the valor was the same, and the victory could not be decided, if there had been an equal number of combatants; but the Count François, who was not loved, saw that many princes combined against him, and he was finally conquered by Bonacossi, who would have exterminated the entire race of the counts, if the government of Modena had not intervened. The lives of the Mirandoles were saved, but all their wealth was confiscated, and they were exiled the states of Modena, never to return there under pain of death.

It was a day of great grief for the count, when he was driven with his family from the castle of his fathers, and obliged to go into a foreign land to beg the bread of hospitality; he shed tears of rage in passing under the emblazoned gates of his feudal manor; and his eldest sons, forced to contain their indignation against

the conqueror, uttered cries like the roaring of young lions. Their mother, who held the hand of her youngest son, was overwhelmed with despair. The child, who understood her feelings, said to her, in a voice full of affection, "Console yourself, my noble mother; we shall one day return—we shall not die in a land of exile."

The countess de la Mirandole had a brother, prior of a convent, near Boulogne; she resolved to go and ask him to afford an asylum for her family. Fra Rinaldo received the exiles with all the regard and kindness that should be shown to misfortune; he placed at their disposal a little villa belonging to the monastery, and they there led a calm and quiet life.

But the count and his eldest sons, accustomed to luxury and to command, were not contented with this obscure existence. They contracted a friendship with many of the neighboring gentry; they went hunting upon their lands; took part in their quarrels, and tried thus to engage their friendship, that they might lend them some troops to regain their patrimony. Jean did not follow his father and brothers in these excursions. He remained always near his mother and his uncle, the prior; a wise man, full of knowledge and kindness, who had the tenderest affection for him, and who directed his studies. The intelligence of the child grew each day, under so good a master; and he soon surpassed in mind and erudition all the monks in the monastery. He remained for whole hours shut up with his uncle in the vast library of the convent; he learned, at one time, the Latin, Greek, Chaldean, Hebrew, and Arabic languages.

I could not tell you what lively pleas-

ures, what complete joy, these various studies gave to young Jean Pie de la Mirandole. He seemed to live with the ancients, who came in their turn to speak to him of their idioms, and to converse upon their glories.

In cultivating his mind, his uncle had not neglected to enlighten his soul; before he taught him earthly knowledge, Fra Rinaldo had initiated him into a science truly divine; that which does not teach us to know God,—for God is revealed to us by an instinct of the soul, and by the sublime works of creation,—but which teaches us to distinguish true religion from error, and shows us that Christianity is superior to all other modes of worship.

Jean studied holy books with faith; he penetrated into the mysteries and feelings which God often conceals from proud and superficial minds; then, when he had learned the two great codes of our belief, the New and Old Testaments, he read the writings that learned fathers and doctors have left us upon these divine works, and was soon versed in all the intricacies of that high science called theology. This science was then in vogue in all the universities of Europe; each year the most celebrated professors caused themes to be sustained by their pupils; and those who could solve the most difficult questions proposed by their masters were crowned in public.

Jean, though absorbed in his studies, could not be indifferent to the chagrin of his parents. Though he did not partake of the tastes and ideas of his father, he admired and respected this old conquered warrior, who burned to recover by arms the domains of his ancestors, and who passed each day in seeing all hope

recede. One evening the count had returned with his eldest sons, more discontented than common; he came from a neighboring chateau, inhabited by a powerful lord, who had promised, more than once, to aid him; when asked to redeem his pledge he gave an evasive reply. In returning into his modest habitation he gave vent to all the bitterness of his thoughts, crying that it would be better to kill himself than to live any longer in the abasement where misfortunes had placed him.

His eldest sons repeated these words, and declared they would go and fall in some foreign war, rather than languish in obscurity. On witnessing this violent grief, the countess shed tears, and her son Jean tried to calm the despair of his father and brothers. But, seeing that he could not do so, and they only replied with sarcasms to his words of peace, he remained silent, seeking to devise some means to restore to his parents happiness and tranquillity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Violet.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Down in a green and sha - dy bed A mod - est vi - olet grew; ..

..... Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;

And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.